WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 8. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1800. WHOLE NO. 632.

THE SPANISH HERMIT.

[CONCLUDED.]

OCTAVIO, excellent actor as he was, turned pale, and discovered great confusion at this intelligence. Without seeming to notice his disorder, I continued my discourse:

"You know, Octavio, that I am your friend; I have given you more than one testimony of it; and I think I shall not prove myself very unkind in giving you advice upon this occasion. If I were in your situation, I would throw myself at the feet of the prince, and make a candid confession to him of all that has passed. You are not ignorant of the goodness of his disposition; a frank and sincere avowal will subdue his anger. I am sure he will forgive your inability to resist the advances of so fine a woman: and I will not only introduce you to his highness, but will use my interest with him in your favor."

The actor had too much good sense not to reject such advice from a man whom he well knew to be the mortal enemy of the Marchioness; and concluding that my only reason for advising him to adopt so delicate a measure was to obtain proof of a fact, the existence of which only rested on suspicion, he chose to deny that he had ever been so presumptuous as to raise even a thought in favor of the Marchioness.

The fact, however, was true, and in two days I was clearly convinced of it.

Early the ensuing morning, one of my spies informed me that the Marchioness was gone, in a hired carriage and in her usual disguise, to Octavio's house; and that I might, if I pleased, see her return. Dressing myself immediately, and following my conductor, we concealed ourselves a few paces from the comedian's house, from whence the lady, whom I recognized by her gait notwithstanding her disguise soon issued; but, to make assurance doubly sure, I approached and lifted up the veil which concealed her face. At the sight of me she uttered an involuntary scream: I apologized for the liberty I had taken, by pretending that I had mistaken her for another lady; but she ran from me without speaking a word, and, jumping into the coach, which was waiting at a short distance, disappeared in a moment.

Charmed with the idea that I could testify, from my own view, that she had visited Octavio, I ran to the palace, with an air of triumph, to recount what I had seen; but unfortunately the Duke was gone out, and did not return until two hours afterwards, when, observing the emotion of my countenance, "What is the matter with you?" said the Prince; "you appear agitated."

"Sir," replied I, "the character of your highness is too dear to me, not to be affected by the base treachery which is practised against you."

"Speak more explicitly," interrupted the Duke. "Who is it that betrays me?—What is the perfidy?"

"The Marchioness," replied I, "is a faithless woman whom your highness ought to abandon. Ungratefully forgetting the love with which you honor her....."

"Peralta," interrupted the Prince, looking at me with an angry eye, "take care what you say; for I perceive your hatred to the Marchioness discolours all her actions, and you condemn her, possibly, upon false appearances. What new crime can she have committed, that you should brand her with the epithets of treacherous and ungrateful?"

"I should be justified," replied I, "if I were to apply a term still more odious; for she has this morning been with Octavio the comedian, in a hired carriage, under the disguise of a common woman. I myself saw her issue from the actor's house, where her depraved passion has frequently before conducted her."

"What calumny!" exclaimed the Duke.—"Is it possible to impute to the Marchioness such base notions? But, happily for her, I am convinced of her innocence and of your malice. I have this moment returned from the company of that lady, who is so unwell that she has not only been obliged to keep the house the whole morning, but to be bled; and the surgeon has taken from her three porringers of blood, which are now standing on the table in her apartment. What would you say, were I to show you this proof of her innocence?"

"I should say," replied I, "that the blood is not her own, but artfully placed there to screen her guilt."

The Duke censured my obstinacy, and, notwithstanding all I said to support my charge against the accused, seemed to impute all the blame to the accuser.

The three porringers of blood presented a mystery which I resolved immediately to unravel; and, ordering my spies to find out the Marchioness's surgeon and bring him instantly before me (a service which they soon performed), I told him, by way of intimidation, "The Duke commands you, on pain of perpetual imprisonment, to inform me whether you have this morning bled the Marchioness of Origo."

The surgeon turned pale at these words, and replied, with a terrified aspect, "There is no occasion for menaces to induce obedience to the commands of my sovereign. In answer to your question, I was this morning sent for to the Marchioness's house, to bleed one her female attendants; from whose arm I took three porringers of blood, and came away."

"Then it was not the Marchioness that you bled?" said I.

"No, Sir," rep'ied the surgeon; "I did not even see her ladyship."

Upon the surgeon's report, I ventured to assure the Duke that the blood was not drawn from the vein of his mistress, and that she had artfully affected indisposition, the better to conceal the fact of her having been that morning with Octavio.

The Duke, blinded by the violence of his passion, warmly maintained that she was incapable of such gross duplicity. "I am convinced," said he, "that the Marchioness would disdain to resort to so mean a subterfuge; but, to satisfy myself more fully upon this subject, I am determined immediately to inspect her arm.—and, if I do not find a recent incision on it with the lancet, I will give entire credit to all you have told me, and abandon the perfidious coquette for ever: but, Peralta," continued he, with a stern and menacing aspect, "if there be the appearance of a recent puncture, you may be assured that I will revenge the malicious injuries which you have inflicted, by your rash aspersion, on her innocent character."

Being persuaded that the whole of her story to the Duke was a mere fabrication, without any support except her own assertion, I submitted cheerfully to the penalty he imposed: the Prince accordingly visited the Marchioness early in the evening, under pretence of inquiring the state of her health. Of the conversation which passed between them during this important interview I am totally ignorant; but, on the ensuing day, when I presented myself before him, he received me with an air of coldness and disdain.

"The Marchioness," said he, abruptly, "was bled yesterday morning: it is a fact which I can attest; for I removed the bandage from her arm, and saw, with my own eyes, the incision which the lancet had made. Trouble my repose no longer by such unfounded accusations. I had rather be deceived by a mistress than owe her fidelity merely to a vigilance on her conduct."

Confounded and struck dumb by this peremptory declaration, I could only contemplate with astonishment the falsehood of the surgeon or the artifice of the Marchioness, who, I concluded, had procured a puncture to be made by some other operator. My silence, however, was interpreted by the Duke as unerring evidence of my guilt; and, considering me in the character of a lying informer abashed by unexpected detection, turned his back upon me, and ordered the Captain of his guards to tell me not to appear again at court.

The disgrace to which this sentence of exile at once consigned me afflicted me for some time with excruciating severity; and my torments were not alleviated by the reflection that I had fallen a victim to the superior artifices of a woman, whose influence it was my settled purpose to destroy: but, at length, philosophy came kindly to my aid, and enabled me to view the high and comfortless stations of ambition with very different sentiments; and religion also interposing its assistance, I adopted notions which, by degrees, detached my mind completely from the world and its concerns. I accordingly quitted the court of Parma, and retired to Genoa; from whence I seized the earliest opportunity of returning to Spain: and embarking on board a vessel for that purpose, reached Alicant, where I purchased a horse, and proceeded towards Pampeluna; but, like you, missing my road, I arrived towards evening at this hermitage, the door of which was opened at my request, and I was received by a venerable old man, who, though eighty years of age, was still able to walk without a stick, and enjoyed the most perfect health. This hospitable inhabitant treated me in the same manner as I have you; and the conversation which he held with me, perfected my resolution to renounce all future conversation with the world. To conclude my story in a few words, I implored the old man to permit me to continue with him in the enjoyment of his solitary retreat: he granted my request; and I have resided from that moment in this hermitage, occupied only by the hopes of heaven. I

did not even visit Pompeluna: the pleasure of seeing my father and my sister was the first sacrifice I made to God. I passed ten years with the virtuous hermit in this humble cell, and ten more have now elapsed since his decease.

THE MAN OF FORTY THOUSAND FRANKS.

THE following anecdote is taken from a late French paper. "A Provincial footman put into the Lottery of St. Sulpice, gained a prize of forty thousand livres, took leave of his master and came to Paris, not to place out his money to advantage, but to spend it. He hired a superb hotel, purchased horses and a carriage, clothed his numerous domestics in a superb livery, played high, and kept an excellent table. He was universally feasted and entertained; and every where in the best houses, nothing was talked of but the generous stranger. Stranger indeed! He was known by nobody.---Generous too, for he had his purse full of money, and paid every account that was presented to him; but so freely did he disburse and pay, that at the end of the year he had nothing left. At last he announced, that he would dine at home, and at two o'clock precisely. Two o'clock strikes, dinner is served, no guest appears. He calls up his coachman, his laquies, his cook, and his valet-de-chambre. He makes a signal for them to sit down at table with him. They are at first astonished, and then start difficulties in complying; he insists, they obey; they eat, and when the Champaigne begins to establish familiarity, he says to them, "My comrades, you have thought me a great man, I am only a valet like yourselves. I gained a prize of forty thousand franks; I have expended it; I have nothing more; I go to resume my livery----Adieu!"---This said, he got into a Diligence, and arrives at the home of his old master, who is delighted at seeing him again. "I expect to hear that you have laid out your money well," said he to him: "Very well; for I have eaten it!"---"Eaten it!" "Yes; and that in the space of a year---I wished to see what was the life of a man who has forty thousand livres a year---I have done almost every thing they do---I have procured all their enjoyments!"---"Is it really so?"---"Really; there is nothing wonderful in that---behold me satisfied; I shall be so much the better if you will take me into your service."---"Very willingly; if your experiment has cured you of the desire of riches."

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

THE Duke of D'Ossuna, famous for his pleasant repartees, being Vice-roy of Naples, went to the Spanish gallies, with the intention of using the privilege he enjoyed of releasing one of the slaves. On that occasion he interrogated several, and asked them what was the reason of their being there? but they all excused themselves with different pretences, and endeavoring to persuade him that they were innocent; there was but one amongst them, who ingeniously confessed all the crimes he had committed, and who owned he merited a much greater punishment than that he had suffered: "Drive away that wicked man," says the Duke, ordering him to be set at liberty, "for fear he should corrupt all these good people:" Thus rewarding by an elegant pleasantry, the sincerity of this galley-slave, and reproving the deceitfulness of the others.

THE DISCONSOLATE HUSBAND.

A MAN near Chester, lately lost his wife,---he was inconsolable---could not survive her, and must himself soon die for grief.---A coffin, with his name engraved on the plate, was bespoke, brought home, and paid for. A fortnight's woful tribulation followed, with no alleviation to his said despair, when lo, a blooming damsel of his neighborhood, administered consolation; she revived, she charmed, the melancholy mourner; in short, they were immediately married. He offered the coffin, when no longer wanted, to be raffled for at 6d per head; but no one choosing to adventure, it was fixed up as a snug corner cubboard, for the use of his new bride.

OBSERVATIONS.

IT was a very proper saying of a French nobleman, upon his son's telling him he was engaged to pass the evening with ten or a dozen friends---the father who was grown old in the knowledge of the world, replied, "I am glad to hear you are so very fortunate; having made the best search I could for threescore years, I can hardly say it hath been my fate to meet one friend, and you, it seems, find them already by dozens."

He is none of thy friend who draws thee into any thing that may be prejudicial to thy health, credit, or estate.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM

DECEMBER.

SEE, bursting from the northern skies,
November's fierce successor rise,
Disrobing all the wood;
Lo! devastation marks his way,
Oaks with the bow'r confess his sway,
And tremble at his nod.

Yon stream, that late meand'ring stray'd
Thro' many a verdant peaceful shade,
In fetters owns his pow'r;
Its banks, how chang'd! where rose the grove,
The seat of innocence and love,
Adorn'd with ev'ry flow'r.

The hills around their tribute pay;
And Flora's train in wild dismay,
Have fled the wasted plain:
Fled is each beauteous feather'd form
That hail'd th' approach of rosy morn,
With joy-inspiring strain.

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

LET the great man, his treasures possessing,
Pomp and splendor forever attend:
I prize not the shadowy blessing,
I ask---the affectionate friend.

Though foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,
His footstep from wisdom depart;
Yet, my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection! thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove;
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

'Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
And the storms of Mortality's state:
What shall lull the Fleeted to rest,
But the joys that on sympathy wait?

What is Fame, bidding Envy defiance,
The idol and bane of mankind;
What is wit, what is learning, or science,
To the heart that is stedfast and kind?

Even Genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze;
But Affection, mild plannet of night!
Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms
That encircle creation decay;
It shall live 'mid the wide-wasting storms,
That bear all undistinguish'd away.

When Time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire with expiring mankind;
It shall stand on its permanent base;
It shall last till the wreck of the MIND.

VERSES.

FROM THE FRENCH.

EACH vain and idle wish repress,
Strive well thyself, O! man, to know;
They seem most sure of happiness,
Who the least thought on it bestow.

In the sad vale of sighs and tears,
O what is then the good supreme,
This object of our hopes and fears,
What but the sophist's idle dream!

If the hard fates to thee impart
But sense, health, and a competence,
Set, fet at ease thy restless heart,
They cannot greater gifts dispense.

Wisdom and Virtue, favor'd man,
Thyself must on thyself bestow:
Then perfect reckon thy life's plan,
As it e'er can be here below.

THE CHANGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen;
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
And fall so hard, they bound, and rise again.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MATILDA.---A FRAGMENT.

******** THE silent orb of night gilded the villa spire, and glimmered with silver rays over the undulati lake---the house-dog's bark resounded over the frozen fa face of the earth; while the simple rustic's tale inspired ciferous mirth. Oh! night, beneath thy spectred glo what tears of anguish fall unknown! The busy sons care repose their limbs in sleep; the votaries of plea tread the sparkling domes of revelry and joy, regardless of you pale wretch, whose throbbing bosom wedded despair, bends o'er yon grassy tomb. Her husband's a her infant's grave has long been watered with MATILDA tears----for eighteen years has mouldered in that earth young EUGENIUS. When tyrant power dared hope manacle the free-born sons of America, his youthful fa stepped foremost in the field; he fought for freedom---f his country died. MATILDA and her only infant pined in solitude and want, and from the chilling grasp of pov erty her lovely babe fought refuge in his father's arms. "Oh! shame! where is thy blush!" that stern Misfortune dares mark MATILDA for his own, and man resign her her fate! ******** D.

December 3d, 1800.

BOSWELL AND JOHNSON.

IT was a constant custom with Mr. Boswell to freque the coffee-houses, from whence he would repair to t Doctor's lodgings and report to him the news of the da In one of these morning rambles, he had the mortificatio to peruse several scurrilous paragraphs directed against late publication of his friend. He purchased the paper, and hurrying to the Doctor's apartment acquainted him with the circumstance.---"Well, Sir," said the Doctor, "and what have they said respecting me?"---Mr. Boswell instantly proceeded to the perusal of the paragraphs in ques tion. The Doctor, having heard him to an end, replied peevishly, "So, Sir, this is what they say with regard t myself. Do you know what is said of you?" Mr. Bos well having answered in the negative, "Why then, I will tell you, Sir," resumed the Doctor. "They say that I am a mad dog, and that you are a TIN CANNISTER tied to my tail."

CURIOUS REVENGE.

THE late Alderman, Sir Mathew Blaikstone, once took revenge of his coachman in the following curious way: On a day, when he was to have company to dinner, and part of his servants rather busy in making preparation, he chanced to hear one of them, a female, ask the coachman, who had nothing to do, to fetch her a jug of water from the pump; the surly fellow refused, saying, "It was not his business to fetch water." The Alderman, after a short pause, coolly rung his bell, and ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately.---The coachman, though surprised at his master's sudden commands, had nothing to do but obey them, and was with the carriage and horses, at the door in a few minutes. Sir Matthew called the girl, who had requested the coachman to fetch the water, told her to get into the coach, and take the jug with her----she did so; he then bid the coachman drive to the pump, where the young woman alighted, filled her pitcher, and returned with it into the coach, to her master's house.

ANECDOTE.

AMONG many others who where brought before the Magistrates at Birmingham, in England, during the late disturbances, was a woman, charged with encouraging the rioters, and uttering some bitter maledictions against the millers and bakers; but it appearing that she was the wife of a very poor man, and the mother of several young children, the Magistrates unwilling to detach her from the cares of four or five little starvlings, asked if she had any body to speak for her character? when no one appeared but her husband, he was ordered to take care, that in future she should be more cautious in the exercise of that unruly member, her tongue. "That I cannot, gentlemen, (said the poor fellow) the Devil cannot stop her tongue, and I have long since found it necessary, for my own peace, to decline every attempt of the kind!"

REMARK. ALL good successes put together, are not enough to wipe away one bad one; undeceive thyself then, and take it for a certain truth, that envy will observe all thy faults, but not one of thy good actions.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1800.

Thurſday next is recommended by the Clergy of different denominations, and by the Corporation of this city, to be obſerved as a day of Public Thankſgiving and Prayer.

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Laſt Sunday evening, a Charity Sermon was preached in the North Church, by the Rev Mr. ABEEL, and 481 dollars 72 cents collected for the benefit of the Charity School.

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Laſt Tueſday evening a diſpute aroſe at a public houſe in Hempſtead (L. I.) between a Benjamin Fiſh and one Walter Dunlevy; at length a ſcuffle enſued, in which Fiſh received a blow from his antagoniſt with a club on the back of the neck, which terminated his exiſtence. A jury of inqueſt ſat upon the body----the reſult of their verdict we have not yet been able to aſcertain. Dunlevy was immediately taken into cuſtody.

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In the late heavy ſnow ſtorm, three veſſels ran on the beach, at the eaſt ſide of Long Iſland; two from the Weſt Indies, laden chiefly with rum and ſugar; the other from New-London. The greater part of the cargo will be ſaved---the veſſels loſt.

—

The U. S. frigate Eſſex, Capt. Preble, arrived at this port, ſailed from Batavia five months ago---ſhe left St. Helena 67 days ſince, having under convoy fourteen ſail of American veſſels, bound to different ports in the United States; among the number, brig Lapwing, of and for New-York, which parted company in a gale of wind, and was afterwards informed by one of the fleet, that ſhe was diſmaſted in the gale, and intended going into the Cape of Good Hope to refit. We underſtand that the crew of the Eſſex have been remarkably healthy during the cruiſe.

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TROY, November 26.

On Sunday morning laſt, between one and two o'clock, a FIRE was diſcovered burſting from a ſmall wooden ſtore ſituate towards the upper end of River-ſtreet, in this village, and occupied by Mr. Merchant, as a ſtore. Roused by the alarming cry of fire, the inhabitants haſtened to the place with their uſual alacrity; but the building was already ſo enveloped in flames as to render it impoſſible to ſave any of its contents. Although every exertion was oppoſed to its fury, the fire ſpread with rapidity to the adjacent buildings, and in little more than an hour, the houſe and ſtore of Mr Platt Wickes, the ſtore of Meſſrs Salle and Yvonnet, and the houſe occupied by Mr John F. Whipple, were burnt to the ground. We are happy to add, however, that moſt of the goods and houſehold furniture belonging to the latter buildings were ſaved, excepting thoſe which were in the cellars.

Providentially it was a perfect calm, and the roofs of the houſes were covered with ſnow: otherwiſe, in all probability, a conſiderable portion of the village muſt have been involved in the ruin.

Mr. Wickes, who has been the greateſt ſufferer, eſtimates his loſs at near 3000 dollars, Meſſrs Salle and Yvonnet compute theirs at 2000 dollars, and Mr Merchant we underſtand, loſt to the amount of 1000 dollars. The loſs ſuſtained by Mr Whipple, conſiſts of the ſtore wherein the fire firſt took, and ſome of his houſehold goods.

—

The following is from a late French newſpaper.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

OSTEND, Sept. 19.

A dreadful event has plunged this town into deſolation and mourning. A barque traverſing the canal yeſterday evening at the riſing of the tide, with more than 200 perſons of every age and ſex, was ſunk in mid channel, and out of the whole only 20 were ſaved; all the reſt periſhed. The day had been fair, and a fete was held at Slyckens, a village, a league and a half from Oſtend, to which more than 4000 of the inhabitants had repaired.

The boat had ſcarcely quitted the bank when its damage was perceived: but inſtead of returning whilſt it was yet practicable, the conductors, as if infatuated would purſue their way. The water entering at every part ſeveral men threw themſelves overboard and were drowned in the whirlpool. Arrived at mid channel, the cries of the people were dreadful; the boat ſoon after ſunk, and nothing was ſeen but the bodies of women and children, rolling amidſt the waves, and ſinking never to re-appear. Some few were reſcued and brought to life, but when the boat arrived they could only bring up about 100 corpſes. Santonox the Commandant of Artillery loſt four of his children. The Superviſor of Artillery periſhed with his wife and ſon; the wife, ſon, and neice, of a Captain of Artillery, alſo periſhed. The latter threw himſelf into the ſtream, and ſaved three perſons, but could not find thoſe who were moſt dear to him. All Oſtend is in tears; almoſt every perſon has loſt a relation or friend.

LATEST NEWS.

LONDON, October 18.

We find the following extract from a private letter from Paris, in the Courier de Londres of laſt night:---"The Camp at Amiens is daily receiving freſh reinforcements; it is now ſuppoſed to amount to eighty thouſand men---The building of new ſhips, and preparations for a naval armament, are carried on with great activity all along the Dutch and Flemiſh coaſts. A ſquadron, conſiſting of one ſhip of the line and ſix frigates, is already fitted out in the ports of Middleburg and Fluſhing. The ſame activity prevails in the Texel, and alſo at Rotterdam, Helvoetſluys and Amſterdam. All the armaments on the Flemiſh and Batavian coaſts are under the direction of the Marquis Ducreſt, the friend of the Duke of Orleans, who has lately been ſent out of England by an order of the Duke of Portland. Every thing is in preparation for two expeditions; one is deſtined to the coaſt of England; the other, more conſiderable is to proceed to Ireland, where the French Government expects a powerful co-operation on the part of the inhabitants.

"The Marquis Ducreſt has lately been called to Paris by an expreſs of the Chief Conſul, with whom he has had ſeveral conferences.---They no doubt relate to theſe projected expeditions. Buonaparte is ſaid to have a private confidential agent at Mittau. Four members of the Poliſh Committee that uſed to hold its ſitting at Paris, have ſet out for Ruſſian Poland, where formidable inſurrections are expected ſoon to take place."

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PARIS, October 6.

Citizen Joſeph Buonaparte, Preſident of the Committee of Miniſters Plenipotentiary, charged to negociate with the Envoys Extraordinary, Miniſters Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, gave a very ſplendid entertainment to theſe Miniſters on the 3d inſt. at Morfontaine, in celebration of the return of good underſtanding between the two States. The Firſt Conſul went to Morfontaine with his family at three o'clock, where he was joined by the two other Conſuls, all the Miniſters, the Members of the corps diplomatique, the Counſellors of State, the Preſidents of the Senate, of the Legiſlative Body and Tribunate, and ſeveral perſons formerly in the ſervice of the United States, among whom we obſerved General La Fayette.

At ſix o'clock the Miniſter for Foreign Affairs delivered to the Firſt Conſul the Convention ſigned the 1ſt of October, between the French and American Miniſters, and this delivery was announced by a diſcharge of cannon. The dinner conſiſted of one hundred and eighty covers, was ſerved up on three tables, in three halls, communicating with each other. The firſt was the Hall of Union. The ſecond and third, which bore the names of Waſhington and Franklin, were ornamented with the buſts of the great men.---The firſt was by far the moſt brilliant in decorations, the devices being all emblematic or indicative of the prominent events of the American Revolution.

October 14.

On the 12th, about mid-day, the American Miniſters took leave of the Chief Conſul, to whom they were preſented by the Miniſter for Foreign Affairs. Mr Elſworth, in the name of his colleagues ſaid, that, "he hoped the Convention ſigned on the 9th, would prove the baſis of a laſting friendſhip between France and America." Mr Murray added that "the American Miniſters would neglect nothing to promote this deſirable object." The Chief Conſul replied, "that the differences between the two nations being adjuſted, there ſhould no longer remain any trace of them; the liberal principles, with regard to navigation, conſidered in convention, ought to be the baſis of a growing intimacy, and that in the preſent circumſtance, it was more than ever the intereſt of the two nations cloſely to adhere to them."

We are aſſured that Carnot will be charged with Joſeph Buonaparte with the intereſts of France, at the Congreſs at Luneville. Perhaps this report, generally ſpread abroad, is without foundation.

TWO or three Apprentices wanted to a good buſineſs---Enquire No. 7 Beekman-Slip. Nov. 22.

COURT of HYMEN.

WHERE tho't meets tho't, where hearts in union join,
How ſweet the joy! the pleaſure how divine!

MARRIED

At Charleſtown, (near Boſton,) Mr SAMUEL GOODWIN, aged 84, to Miſs REBECCA JEPSON, aged 30.

On Thurſday evening the 20th ult at Hackinſack, (N J.) by the Rev. J. V. C. Romaine, Mr. WALLING J. VAN WINGKLE, of Second River, to Miſs CATHARINE POULSON, of Hackinſack.

On Thurſday evening laſt week, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Capt JOHN LAWSON, to Mrs. ELIZABETH WESSELS, both of this city.

On Wedneſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. WILLIAM BRUCE, merchant, to Miſs MARY L. HAMILTON.

CHARITY SERMON.

To-morrow, in the forenoon, a Charity Sermon will be preached in St. Paul's Church, and a Collection made for the benefit of the Epiſcopal Charity School.

LOTTERY.

TICKETS in the LANSINGBURGH and WATERFORD NAVIGATION LOTTERY, and in the STATE ROAD LOTTERY, No. III, for ſale by John Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-ſlip.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be preſented, (ad time,) a Comic Opera, called,

The Spaniſh Caſtle,

OR, THE KNIGHT OF THE GUADALQUIVER.

To which will be added, a celebrated Comedy, in 3 acts, (never performed here,) called,

THE COUNTRY HEIRESS,

OR, THE

MAN OF QUALITY.

JUST PUBLISHED,

the celebrated and much admired Novel, entitled,

THE

SUFFERINGS OF THE FAMILY OF ORTENBERG.

Tranſlated from the German of Auguſtus Von Kotzebue.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

Price One Dollar handſomely bound and lettered.

For ſale by John Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck Slip, John Tiebout, No. 246 Water-ſtreet, Cornelius Davis, No. 167 do John Reid, No. 106 do J. Scoles, No. 92 do. Thomas B Janſen. & Co. No. 248 Pearl-ſtreet, and Hugh M. Griffith, (the publiſher) No 358 do. Dec. 6. 3t---

BOOKS, STATIONARY, &c.

ALSO,

Hutchins Improved Almanacs

For the year 1801,

By the thouſand, groce, dozen, &c. ſold at No. 3 Peck-ſlip.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,

AND OTHER POEMS,

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WANTED,

AN Apprentice to the Hatting buſineſs, a youth of about 14 or 16 years of age---None need apply unleſs they can be well recommended for honeſty and induſtry---Enquire of M. RYDER, 235 Water-ſtreet.

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by APPOINTMENT,

The True and Genuine

Dr. ANDERSON'S

Famous Scots Pills.

Stamped Paper.

BONDS, NOTES, BILLS of LADING, &c. for Sale by J. Harriſſon, no 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT of APOLLO.

MUSINGS ON THE WIG OF A SCARE-CROW.

ALAS! for this world's changes, and the lot
Of ſublunary things! yon Wig that there
Moves with each motion of the inconſtant air,
Invites my penſive mind to ſerious thought.
Was it for this its curious caul was wrought

Cloſe as the tender tendrils of the vine
With cluſter'd curls? Perhaps the artiſt's care
Its borrowed beauties for ſome Lady fair
Arrang'd with niceſt art and fingers fine;
Or for the forehead fram'd of ſome Divine

Its graceful gravity of grizzled grey;
Or whether on ſome ſtern Schoolmaſter's brow
Sate its white terrors, who ſhall anſwer now?
On yonder rag-rob'd pole for many a day

Have thoſe diſhonor'd locks endur'd the rains,
And winds, and ſummer ſun, and winter ſnow.
Scaring with vain alarms the robber crow,
Till of its former forms no trace remains,

None of its ancient honors! I ſurvey
Its alter'd ſtate with moraliſing eye,
And journey ſorrowing on my lonely way,
And muſe on Fortune's mutability.

WHAT IS MAN?

A MAN is every thing that's bad,
Who always tries to make us ſad;
A noiſy, ſilly, fooliſh creature,
Perverting always human nature:
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
They never give an hour's delight;
At morn there's nothing that can pleaſe them,
At noon there's ſomething ſure to teaſe them,
At eve they always look perplex'd,
At night they're certain to be vex'd;
Thus every night and every day,
Let us endeavor every way
To pleaſe this mortal, we muſt fail,
While they will ſtorm, and ſcold, and rail,
And yet we women muſt ſubmit
To what the creature man thinks fit:
Be ſubject to his ridicule,
Be call'd vile names as ſlut or fool,
Be laugh'd at and abus'd and blam'd,
And have our characters defam'd,
For what? becauſe the fooliſh elves,
Think they know every thing themſelves.

EPIGRAM.

TO WASTEALL, whoſe eyes were juſt cloſing in Death,
DOLL counted the chalks on the door;
In peace, cry'd the wretch, let me give up my breath,
And FATE will ſoon rub out my ſcore.

Come, bailiffs, cries DOLL, now I'll hamper this cheat,
Let the law be no longer delay'd;
I never once heard of that fellow call'd FATE,
And, by jove, he ſhan't die, till I'm paid.

THEOLOGICAL BARBER.

A BARBER in the City of London, to attract cuſtom, had painted on his ſign the full length picture of Abſalom, ſuſpended on the branches of a tree by the hair of his head, and underneath the following original commentary on the lamentation of David---

O Abſalom! O Abſalom! my ſon! my ſon!
Had you but worn a periwig, you'd never been undone.

ANECDOTE.

A SECRETARY of King George II. requeſted to know of him who ſhould be appointed to fill a certain vacant office. The King in a pet replied, "I care not who has the office, you may commiſſion the devil, if you pleaſe." Well anſwered the Secretary, your majeſty, I ſuppoſe will have the commiſſion run in the common form, "To our truſty and well beloved."

MORCEAU.---A contented mind, and a good conſcience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

MORALIST.

ON TIME.

MAKE good uſe of time, if you love eternity; reflect that yeſterday cannot be recalled; to-morrow cannot be aſſured; to-day is only yours, which, if you procraſtinate, you loſe; which loſt, is loſt forever: one day preſent is worth two to come.

Diligence alone is a fair fortune, and induſtry a good eſtate: Idleneſs doth waſte a man as inſenſibly, as induſtry doth improve him: You may be a younger brother for your own fortune, but induſtry will make you an heir.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Mrs PALMER, takes this method to inform her Friends and the Public, that ſhe has removed from the city of Hudſon, to New-York, where ſhe will open a ſchool for Young Ladies, in a pleaſant ſituation in Pearl-Street, No. 81, where will be taught Reading, Writing, Punctuation, Compoſition, and the Engliſh Language grammatically ſolved in three caſes, viz---the Nominative, Poſſeſſive, and Objective. Likewiſe Geography, with the uſe of the Globes and Maps. Tambour, and all kinds of needlework. The terms ſhall be reaſonable---The cleanlineſs, morals, and behavior of the Young Ladies will be particularly attended to. Boarding and Lodging for them if required. The ſchool will commence the 8th day of December next.

J. GREENWOOD,

Dentiſt to the late Preſident *GEORGE WASHINGTON*,

Informs the public he continues to perform every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums, to the fixing in from a ſingle tooth to a complete whole ſet. The approbation which the late Preſident was pleaſed to beſtow on him, he flatters himſelf is a ſtrong recommendation of his abilities, as a Dentiſt, by an extract of a letter, dated,

"January 6, 1799.

"SIR,

"I ſhall always prefer your ſerviees to that of any other "in the line of your preſent profeſſion."

NB. His prices are very moderate, as no perſon can exceed him in facility and neatneſs of performance, as above.

Greenwood's very beſt of Tooth Powder may be had of Meſſrs. T. Cook, & Co No. 133 William-ſtreet, and at no other place, except of J. Greenwood, at his houſe No. 13 Chatham Row, which is the fourth door from the new Play Houſe, oppoſite the Park, price 3s. per box, which contains powder ſufficient to laſt one year to preſerve the teeth and gums. Oct. 25. 26 2m

WHEREAS James Leggett, formerly of the county of Dutcheſs, late of the city and county of New-York, deceaſed, did, while living, by his laſt will and teſtament, appoint Martha Worden, Executrix, to ſettle the eſtate of the ſaid James Leggett, now deceaſed; and the ſaid Martha Worden being duly authoriſed, does hereby requeſt all perſons who have any demands againſt ſaid eſtate, to exhibit them for ſettlement, at No. 112 Waſhington-ſtreet,---and on the other hand, all thoſe who are any ways indebted to ſaid eſtate, are hereby called upon to make immediate payment. MARTHA WORDEN, Executrix.

New-York, Nov. 29, 1800. 31---tf

Mr. P. L. DUPORT, *Profeſſor of Dancing.*

Reſpectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen of the city of New-York, and its environs, that he again intends opening his School at Lovett's hotel, Broad-Way, on Monday the 17th inſt. for the tuition and improvement of young Ladies and Gentlemen in the polite accompliſhment of

DANCING.

The reſpectful attention ſtimulates him to farther exertion. He flatters himſelf that a continuance of his application and abilities, will ſtill command the liberal patronage which he gratefully acknowledges ---Subſcriptions received at No. 69 Broad-Way. 28 6 ¶

Mahogany.

St. Domingo MAHOGANY, for ſale in Boards, Plank and Joice, by THOMAS TIMPSON,

Nov. 15. No. 25 John-ſtreet

WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Upholſterer's Buſineſs---enquire at this office. Nov. 29. 31 tf

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Has juſt received and for ſale at his Book Store No. 3 Peck-ſlip, an aſſortment of new publications.

Valuable Books,

Waſhington's Letters, Volney's Ruins,
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Flowers of Modern Travels, Goldſmith's England,
Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts,
Johnſon's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude,
Goldſmith's Animated Nature, Thomſon's Seaſons
Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages,
Columbian Muſe, Godwin's Political Juſtice
Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleaſing Inſtructor, The Hive
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Freneau's Poems, Humphrey's Works,
Johnſon's Lives of the Poets,
Gibſon's Surveying, &c. &c. &c.

Novels.

MORDAUNT, by the author of Zeluco,
Roſella, or Modern Occurrences,
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De Valcourt, by Mrs. Bennett,
Pizarro, by Mrs. Helme,
Count Di Novini, a Neapolitan Tale,
Roſalind de Tracey,
Eaſt Indian, or Clifford Priory,
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Cottage on the Moor, Audley Forteſcue,
Perfidious Guardian, Oakendale Abbey, &c.

For Sale as above, an extenſive aſſortment of

School Books.

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Morſe's Univerſal Geography,
Scott's Leſſons on Elocution, Orator's Aſſiſtant,
American Preceptor, Monitors,
American Seleetions, Columbian Orator,
Webſter's and Dilworth's Spelling Books,
Child's Inſtructor, Univerſal Spelling Book,
Pike's, Fenning's, Fiſher's and Dilworth's Arithmetics,
Webſter's and Aſh's Grammars,
Boyer's French Grammar, etc.

For the Teeth and Gums, Tooth Ache, &c.

THE Anti-ſcorbutic TINCTURE is ſuperior to any other medicine ever diſcovered, for effectually curing the ſcurvy in the gums, cleanſing, whitening and preſerving the teeth; it will effectually preſerve the teeth in a ſound ſtate even to old age, and render them white and beautiful, without the leaſt impairing the enamel, faſten ſuch as are looſe, keep ſuch as are already decayed from getting worſe, render the breath perfectly ſweet, and remedy thoſe diſorders which are the conſequence of ſcorbutic gums and bad teeth. Price one dollar each bottle.

And the VOLATILE TINCTURE for the TOOTH ACHE; the moſt efficacious remedy ever diſcovered for that tormenting pain. It give immediate and permanent eaſe in the worſt caſes, and is perfectly innocent and ſafe, Price 37 and 1-2 cents.

Invented and prepared by Dr CHURCH, 137 Front-ſtreet, (near the Fly-Market) and ſold by F. DUBOIS, Intelligence Office, 81 William-ſtreet, and R. BACH, 128 Pearl-ſtreet, New-York. tf 26

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No 114 MAIDEN-LANE

THE ſubſcriber has made a conſiderable addition to the Library; the lateſt novels are received, and ſome of the European magazines to Auguſt, 1800. A new catalogue is publiſhed, price one ſhilling. Attention will be paid to every publication of merit.

The Book Store is alſo opened, where ſtationary of different kinds may be had, and a general aſſortment of books eſpecially thoſe uſed in Schools and the College.

Nov. 1. 27 W. BARLAS.

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